reward

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by whiskeyandspite, YouAreMyDesign

Summary

There may be, years into their future, scenes just like this one; Will fetching coffee and both of them bathed in sunlight at a breakfast table, commenting on the news or the weather or whatever else, an easy domestic bliss.

Chapter 1

“I don’t know what else I can tell you that I haven’t already,” Hannibal repeated, tone calm.

“You can tell the fucking truth.”

“I have,” Hannibal sighed.

“Then why don’t I believe you?”

“That’s hardly a question I can answer, Sheriff. The ones I could, I have. Your decision not to take them as truth is something I can’t control.”

“Don’t give me that shit, Lecter. I caught you *in my house* , alone with *my son* .”

“And I already explained that Will has had my contact details since we first met and he spoke to me about a career in psychiatry. He called because he didn’t want to be alone.”

“So you *came over?”* Bill Graham sat forward, shoulders curved in to make him appear more imposing. “To an underaged kid’s house because he didn’t want to be *alone?* You know this reeks of bullshit, Lecter, worse, it reeks of some very serious underhanded deviant crap that could put you away for a very long time.”

“Perhaps it only does because you want it to,” Hannibal countered, head tilting. They had been at this for hours now, surely. He had no sense of time passing, trapped in a room lit with flickering LEDs and a broken air conditioner. “You denied your son the chance to see me as a therapist with your permission, so he reached out on his own.”

“He went behind my back.”

“That’s not for me to judge,” Hannibal shrugged. “My job is to protect my client, in this case your son, Will Graham junior, from the darker recesses of his mind.”

“Then tell me what you were talking about.”

“I can’t, that would be breaking doctor-patient confidentiality.”

“How convenient.”

Hannibal offered a thin smile. It was, in fact, very convenient. One of several things that had been throughout this investigation, exhausting as it was. He and Will had not consummated anything in the house, so any search of the property would find nothing. And the Sheriff did not suspect anything had happened in his car; in his mind, his son was far too timid for such rash steps, incapable of such flagrant disobedience.

Underestimating Will would be his father’s downfall, Hannibal knew. Whether this evening or the next, or when he went to college or years and years in the future. If he wasn’t careful, Bill Graham would cultivate his most unconquerable enemy in his son.

“I’m sure I’m mistaken, Sheriff, but you seem more concerned with finding something to do with me than finding anything at all. I certainly hope I don’t need to bring up targeted harassment complaints with my lawyer - unless, of course, you intend to question everyone who might have possibly had a moment alone with your son.”

Bill’s eyes narrowed. The raging bull had caught sight of the spear behind the waving red flag; refusing to back down, but aware that there was some sharp point waiting for him if he charged too determinedly.

“Don’t try to spin this as an overreaction, Lecter,” Bill said shortly. “If you had a son -.”

“But I don’t,” Hannibal replied coolly. “If I did, I would be at home trying to calm him from his obvious distress, instead of doggedly pursuing this ridiculous crusade. I admire your work ethic, Sheriff, truly. I just wish that respect went both ways.”

Bill’s eyes had a strange gleam in them. Hannibal had only seen it a few times in his life. The drug addicts who realize they’re about to go through the really devastating part of withdrawal. The people who were told they would never walk again. Despair, helpless and impotent rage. It left a rather sweet taste on the tongue when he breathed in, relishing the scent of it pouring from his enemy.

Bill blew out a breath, and straightened. “So you’re lawyering up?”

“I don’t believe you’ve left me with any other choice, Sheriff,” Hannibal replied coolly. He smiled. “I’ll take my phone call now.”

Hannibal was given a phone, and dialled from memory while pointedly ignoring the Sheriff who stood over him, hands planted to the table, as though intimidation would work *now* when it hadn’t ever previously.

The call was brief, and Hannibal smiled coolly when the phone was taken away again. “Shall I wait here, or do you have other accommodations in mind for me?”

He took great pleasure in watching Bill Graham fight with himself in regards to an answer. In the end, the Sheriff decided against taking the bait and pushed himself off from the table with a huff of displeasure.

“You can wait for representation in here,” was all he said, and left Hannibal alone.

The wait was tedious but bearable. Hannibal busied himself with thoughts of Will. He had little doubt that his lawyer’s proficiency and a genuine lack of evidence would free him quickly, and he would certainly be able to make bail should that be posted, but Will….

He’d been near-tears by the time Hannibal had lost sight of him through the cruiser window, and the afterimage clung to him like a shroud even now. He ached to soothe that expression from his clever boy’s face, ached to tell him everything would be alright; a meaningless platitude perhaps, but one he knew would draw that sweet sigh against his shoulder as his boy laughed about it with him.

By the time his lawyer arrived Hannibal had built several scenarios in his mind that he would never enact, and greeted the man with a handshake.

“You know, you could file for harassment,” the man said, sitting opposite Hannibal and opening his briefcase. “Graham’s been up your ass before.”

“If it comes to that, by all means,” Hannibal replied with a smile. “I would much rather focus on getting these charges dropped so I can be on my way.”

He received a nod for that answer. Hannibal liked Mister Leonard Brauner - “Please, call me Leo” - not only because the man was a very capable lawyer and knew every loophole known to man, but because he was smart enough not to put his nose into business where it didn’t belong. Hannibal doubted he even knew the extent of the situation beyond the charges. Whether Hannibal was guilty or not wouldn’t matter to him. A truly neutral lawman, and that was a rare gift these days.

“Well, we both know these charges aren’t going to stick,” he said, putting his briefcase on the table. “You’re a pillar of the community, everyone worth a damn knows you’re a fine, upstanding citizen, and there’s no evidence of the liaisons you’re being accused of. Even if they got DNA evidence, nothing would stick. Right?”

“That is correct,” Hannibal replied with a nod. Leo didn’t ask if he was guilty, because he didn’t care.

“Then the only thing to do is lean on the Sheriff and convince him that letting you go is going to be better for him. Elected officials, you know, they’ll do anything for the public approval, and no one is going to support his accusations.”

Hannibal nodded again. There were no records in his phone or Will’s that would suggest anything untoward. Will was smart enough not to be brazen over text or email. Hannibal’s assistant would never testify against him after Bill had terrorized her. Poor thing; he would be sure to send her a gift basket, when all this was finished with.

Leo smiled. “Do I need to pre-emptively move to make any other evidence inadmissible? Graham can’t search your home, office, or car without a warrant.”

Hannibal’s lips pursed. He had had his car and office cleaned, and his home was, of course, spotless. “If you feel it would be wise, by all means, but there is no real need to.”

Leo nodded. “Alright. Let me have a chat with Graham, then. Fifteen minutes, tops.”

“Good luck,” Hannibal said with a smile. Oh, to be a fly on the wall when Sheriff Graham went toe to toe with the relentless neutrality of Mister Brauner. It would be quite an entertaining spectacle.

He crossed his knees beneath the table and settled in to wait.

Leo returned on the dot after thirteen minutes.

“You’re free to go, Doctor. They humbly request that you don’t leave the state.”

“Do they? Humbly?”

“I relay the message, not the wording.” Leo shrugged. “They will be in touch should they have further questions.”

“I’ll await those impatiently,” Hannibal replied, pushing himself to stand. He buttoned up his suit jacket and held out his hand for the man to shake. “I appreciate you coming out on such short notice.”

“It’s what you pay me for. I’ll drive you back. Better than getting a cab at this hour.”

“Much obliged.”

It was going on ten in the evening when Hannibal was released into the cool air alongside his lawyer. Leo drove a slick Volvo; Hannibal couldn’t fault him for taste. It was one of two cars in the lot, aside from the cruisers, and as they approached a shadow materialized from the driver’s side, thin and pressed close to the door.

Leo hummed. “How desperate does one have to be to attempt a mugging in the parking lot of a police station?”

“Someone who isn’t here for you,” Hannibal replied, head tilting curiously as he considered the little thing leaning against the car. Leo drew a deep breath and checked his watch.

“Nor for you,” he replied pointedly.

“Of course not.”

“You’ll call if you need me again?”

“I always do.”

“Take care, Doctor Lecter. I believe I left my keys at the station.”

The lawyer turned on his heel, steps a metronome to time his heart against as Hannibal kept his eyes on the shadow; the shadow that became a boy, the boy that ran to Hannibal and embraced him hard enough to almost topple the two of them, burying his face in his chest.

“I was gonna get you out,” Will sobbed. “I got the keys, I was going to climb through the window and get you out and fuck anyone who tried to stop me.”

Hannibal couldn’t help but smile, cupping the back of Will’s head, those lovely dense curls wrapping tight around his fingers, and let the boy butt his forehead gracelessly against Hannibal’s chest, fingers curling around his flanks with the desperation only the young, and relief only the truly terrified, could have.

“Thankfully, darling, it didn’t come to that,” Hannibal replied, quick to soothe. Will’s distress stung his nose, and the poor boy looked about two seconds away from an anxiety attack. He lifted his eyes. Next to his lawyer’s car was not one he recognized as his own. It was dirty and an older model, a Ford. Nondescript, forgettable.

He smiled.

“You had the keys to your car and I figured it’d be noticeable,” Will explained.

“You did very well,” Hannibal said quietly, letting his voice grow warm with pride. It didn’t surprise him in the slightest to learn that the Sheriff’s son knew how to steal a car. He glanced over his shoulder to chance one look at the station, finding no one glaring out at him, no one waiting in the shadows to follow him. It was likely that Leo was keeping Bill Graham engaged.

He leaned down and stole a quick kiss to Will’s hair, before he turned him and guided him towards the car. Will handed him the keys with one of his wide, off-kilter, dimpled smiles, shining like a little star in the lights of the parking lot. So alight with hope, still so afraid. That Hannibal might discard him, now, for fear of discovery. That he might think Will not worth the trouble.

Poor thing. His lack of self esteem tasted like honey.

“Do you have a bag packed, darling?” he asked, as the engine chittered and growled its way to life. Will nodded, fidgety but quiet in the passenger seat.

“It’s in the trunk,” he replied.

Hannibal nodded. He had a go bag tucked away in his own home - only a few additional necessities would be required. He wouldn’t put it past Bill Graham to rush home and seek out his son, and when he couldn’t find Will, it would only be a matter of time.

He reached out and put a hand on Will’s skinny, bouncing thigh, squeezing it into submission. Will’s body tensed for him, his teeth sank into his plush lower lip, and he stared at Hannibal with those big, beautiful eyes.

“You’re not mad at me, are you?” he whispered, sounding so young and sweet.

Hannibal kept his expression stoic, though inwardly he was practically purring. It was Will, after all, who told him his father would be away and wouldn’t take ‘No’ for an answer. It was Will’s fault that Hannibal was arrested in the first place.

Of course, Hannibal didn’t truly believe this, but Will’s guilt was just as sweet as his fear.

“You can make it up to me,” he said. A promise with teeth. Will shivered, and nodded, and put his hand over Hannibal’s, spreading his thighs in open invitation.

Tempting thing. Hannibal was going to devour him whole. Once they were far away.

A quick stop at Hannibal’s home, which he requested Will to stay in the car for; the last thing they needed was Will’s DNA when Hannibal had sworn the boy had never been inside before. He took his bag, his tablet, certain journals, certain memory drives. Money he had on credit cards and in offshore accounts which were easy enough to access. Money was not an issue. He would take his boy to the moon if he asked him to. He would give Will everything, even when he didn’t ask.

When he climbed back into the car, Will climbed into his lap, squished close to avoid pressing the horn on the steering wheel. He still looked so helpless, so little. Yet this boy, this fearless boy, had been prepared to break Hannibal out of jail, was prepared to give up his entire life so Hannibal could have it.

Remarkable.

Extraordinary.

Hannibal caught Will's chin between his fingers and kissed him deep, enough that Will's tension relaxed from him with a sigh, enough that he could feel the eager nudges of the boy's hips against his own.

"We need to get out of the city," Hannibal pointed out. Will bit his lip, eyes hazy.

"Uh-huh."

"If you're so distracting, we won't make it very far," Hannibal said, smile curving his lips when Will blinked at him and blushed. Beautiful boy.

"Sorry. I just -. When dad took you away I didn't know if you'd…. If we'd get this again."

"I'm not going to give you up, Will," Hannibal promised him. "Not when I've finally got you."

Will nodded, quick and nervous, fingers still tugging gently at Hannibal's shirt where they clung. When Hannibal gently eased Will back to the passenger seat, he went, curling a leg beneath himself and pressing his cheek to the headrest so he could watch Hannibal as he drove.

To his credit, Will didn't try to distract him again. He was quiet, pensive; Hannibal would catch wistful looks passing across Will's face in the sweeping light of the streetlamps as they drove, brief scenes of vulnerability and exhaustion in sepia tones. Eventually, when he looked over, Will's eyes were closed and his chest rose and fell slowly as he slept.

Affection, startling in its suddenness and severity, rose up in Hannibal. His fingers curled around the steering wheel so that he didn't reach out and disturb Will in his well-earned slumber. There would be time for that, later. They had all the time in the world, once they were gone. Hannibal would spend hours lavishing his affection on Will, driving the boy to tears of ecstasy, leaving him sated and sore at any opportunity.

His mouth watered, and he swallowed harshly, eager to drive on.

He owned a cabin on the bay, under a different name, because he was not without foresight. Will, while the first to drive Hannibal to such means to utilize it, was not the only person or circumstance that had warranted his preparation. He had never imagined he would ever need to make use of his safehouses, scattered as they were in as many countries as there were aliases, but Will, oh, Will….

His perfect little exception to the rules.

Will stirred as the car slowed, Hannibal turning it up from paved street to winding road, cleared but relatively unkempt, only wide enough for the vehicle itself. Stray branches and errant leaves tickled the flanks of the car as Hannibal carefully negotiated soft, muddy terrain, glad that Will had chosen a car that seemed capable of handling it.

Will woke just as they cleared the forest, to the small driveway that rose up to the cabin. It was a small, relatively modest structure, but worth its weight in gold for the view. The crash of the ocean against the bluffs provided a thick barrier of anti-noise, like being encased in snow, a crisp peacefulness that tasted of salt and brine, teasing at cheeks and hair as Hannibal cut the engine, exited, and circled the car to gather his sweet, sleepy boy in his arms.

Will shivered, curling up like a newborn lamb against him, cheek on his shoulder and skinny frame easily extracted and wrapped up like a present. Hannibal walked Will to the front door and opened it easily, setting him down in the entryway. Will blinked, owlish and already windswept, and gaped at the innards of the cabin.

Hannibal smiled, kissed the top of his wild hair, and went to fetch their bags, leaving Will to explore.

Will's fingers sought blind for a light switch and blinked rapidly when the room was illuminated before him. The cabin was only that in name, hardly so in nature. It was vast and open, with high ceilings that suggested an upstairs, or possibly a mezzanine floor Will couldn't see just yet. Windows that rose from floor to the pale ceiling offered an extraordinary view of the sea beyond - when there was daylight to see it by. For the moment, they acted as mirrors instead, obsidian-black, making Will feel like he could step right through them and into another cabin entirely.

He toed off his shoes and continued inside on sock-silent feet.

The house *felt* like Hannibal, if places could feel like people. Will had always imagined that Hannibal's home would be airy and open, like his office was. With books and statues and carefully selected rugs. He was glad he hadn't been wrong; the place made him feel safe already. He had no idea where they were, he had no idea where they would go, yet he hadn't felt this relaxed in a long, long time.

Curious. But he supposed love often was.

When he heard the car doors shut outside, Will backpedaled to be able to see Hannibal coming into the house and closing the door behind him, both his and Will's bags over his shoulders. Will bit his lip, teased the toe of one foot against the opposite ankle and crossed his arms, suddenly shy now that he and Hannibal were alone for the first time in…well, in ever.

"How long did I sleep?" he asked, when Hannibal set their bags down. He had an overwhelming urge to just rush into his arms and kiss him, but that wouldn't be proper, that would be childish and silly and Will wanted that to be the last thing associated with him. He wanted to be *Hannibal's* .

Hannibal checked his watch. “Traffic was kind to us,” he noted with a smile. “The journey took a little under four hours in total.” He regarded Will, taking in his coy demeanor, so at odds with the brazen little thing that so eagerly would drape himself across Hannibal’s desk, lap, or any other flat surface that would allow him to entice. His head tilted. “Are you still tired?”

Will shook his head quickly, flushing and biting his lower lip. He looked away, cheeks darkening another shade for every step Hannibal took towards him, until a finger hooked beneath his chin and forced his gaze up.

“Where did this shy little lamb come from?” Hannibal murmured, as though he didn’t understand just how ridiculously and drastically out of his depth Will was. Talk was good, but now they were playing for real - Will had just run away with a man over twice his age, would have broken him out of jail, would let him, *has* let him, do all sorts of perverted things to Will’s body and just because Will wanted it doesn’t mean he was at all prepared to handle the freedom of having it whenever he wanted.

Hannibal hummed, as though reading Will’s thoughts scrawled across his forehead, and leaned down, a gentle kiss placed at the edge of his hairline. “Are you having doubts?” he asked. “I can still drive you home.”

“No,” Will replied, shaking his head fiercely. Doubts about himself, his own attractiveness and worth. Doubts about the next step - but never Hannibal. He could never doubt Hannibal’s cunning, forethought, or control.

Hannibal smiled, and released his chin, sliding his hand to the back of Will’s warm neck, and tilted him up to give him a proper kiss. “Perhaps a bath is in order,” he suggested, watching with pleasure as the boy’s pupils went wide and his pretty lips parted in a soundless gasp. “Then, if you’re not tired, I’m sure we can find some way to entertain ourselves until morning.”

Will’s smile was a bit more mischievous this time, and he cocked his head just so before bringing a hand up to fold a curl behind his ear. “I’m not tired,” he said, and let his eyes close as Hannibal kissed him again.

This was familiar, this was something Will could ground himself with. Kissing Hannibal, feeling him broad and safe and beautiful against him. He was still *wanted* , he was still *interesting* . That was all that mattered in the end; there was nothing worse in life than being ordinary.

Will hummed, pleased, when Hannibal stroked his hair, and looked up at him. “Where’s the bathroom?”

“Upstairs,” Hannibal told him. “Through the master.”

“I’ll find it,” Will grinned, pushing up on his toes to kiss Hannibal chastely on the lips before moving deeper into the house. He found the stairs and sent Hannibal another smile as he took them, not rushing, not nervous, moving through Hannibal’s space like he belonged there, like he’d already carved himself out a little cave to nest in.

Pleasure warmed Hannibal, of a sort he rarely felt with other people. It was the sort of warmth that brought tears to his eyes listening to opera. It was the sort of warmth that overcame one when they saw a painting they couldn't look away from. Warmth that came from creation, from art, from beauty. Telling, really. He watched his boy mount the stairs and stepped back to the front door to secure it and take up their bags.

The cabin was mostly open, the bathrooms the only rooms where there were three walls and a door. The bedroom overlooked the downstairs, the bed itself tucked up against the windows and out of sight of anyone below.

But sounds carried, here. Without, there was the sea, radio static and hush, within, there were acoustics Hannibal would certainly appreciate testing Will's voice against. It already felt like composing a symphony, imagining just how he would bend his boy, just how he would take him, playing him like a theremin until dischord became music.

Upstairs, he set their bags aside and shucked off his coat before making his way to the bathroom. Will stood bare already, the bathroom lights pulling the blues and purples of his veins forth in a striking way, painting him almost angelic, almost marble, rather than human. Hannibal hummed, pleased, and brought a hand up to work free a cufflink.

Time and routine had given him the ability to undress even from the most complicated outfits without much direct attention, so he was free to openly admire Will's skinny, coltish form as the boy shifted his weight, bit his lower lip, pretty eyes dark and wide and fixed on whatever part of Hannibal happened to be moving. If his eyes wandered, dropped too low or went too hazy with desire, Hannibal was quick to direct his attention back with a newly freed button, or another inch of bared skin.

Will let out a shaky laugh, after a moment, and rucked his fingers through his wild hair. "I don't think we've ever actually been...totally naked together before," he said, a lovely blush staining his cheeks the color of rare meat, his lower lip now swollen as it would get if Hannibal were to order him to his knees and take freely of the sweet slip of space between them.

Hannibal smiled. "There are a lot of things we haven't had the opportunity or pleasure of experiencing," he said, and drew closer, having mercy on Will's itching hands that so clearly ached to reach out and touch. The halves of his shirt were easily pushed aside, Will's bitten-jagged nails quickly gravitating to his chest hair, fingers spreading out wide. "All offenses I intend to see set right."

"What kind of offenses?" Will asked, looking up.

Hannibal caught his chin, and leaned down to kiss him, pulling Will close as Will's hands pushed under his shirt and eased it off his shoulders, caught it and set it down on the counter beside his cufflinks.

Hannibal laughed. "Like taking my time," he purred, watching with pleasure as Will's pupils flew outward another few degrees. "I've often thought of how I would touch you, how I would take the time to find every sensitive spot, every hidden piece of you, how to use it to bring you pleasure."

“Jesus Christ.” The words escaped Will in a breathless little whine. His fingers curled around Hannibal’s hips, tugging him closer. He angled himself up for another kiss that Hannibal was more than happy to give. Will’s body stank of excitement, a peppery flavor that hinted at heat without overwhelming the rest of him. Perhaps it was because, for the first time, Will was relaxed, knowing they had no time limit, no fear of discovery.

Hannibal kissed him just to feel how he shivered and arched, desperate and wanton, before he pulled away and placed a light brush of lips to Will’s hair. “Go start the bath, darling,” he commanded gently, and as Will turned away - not without his own petulant pout and a tempting sway of his hips - he turned his attention to removing the rest of his clothes.

The most difficult thing to control that evening, Hannibal knew, would be impatience. There were so many plans, both his own and Will’s, he was certain, and no need to go through them all in one night. He reminded himself that no one knew of this property, there was no connection between him and it in any paper records, there was genuinely no chance of interruption being so far out of the way. No deliveries, no door-to-door salesmen, no overly-friendly neighbours.

No one.

The cliff on one side, sprawling country on the other.

Silence.

Peace.

Privacy.

The sound of running water from the next room, sounds he was certain he would pull from Will like a finely tuned instrument, and nowhere for them to go. No one to hear but the two of them, as it should be.

When he stepped up behind Will, hands on his shoulders, the boy sighed, tilting his head up and back to look at Hannibal with a smile. The confidence he’d worn like a suit back now that Hannibal had reassured him that nothing had to change. That he was still wanted, still desired, still *interesting* . He reached up to slide his fingers into Hannibal’s hair and pulled him down until their lips met. Lazy and slow, familiar.

Will broke the kiss with a pleased hum, and immediately tucked the bottom one into his mouth, as though keeping the taste of Hannibal all to himself.

“Do we need to take a bath if we’re just going to get dirty again later?” he asked, eyes narrowed. Hannibal set a palm against his throat and kissed Will’s cheek before guiding him closer to the tub.

“Terrible thing. You’ll be grateful for the bath.”

“Why?” Will grinned. Hannibal turned him, setting his hands on either side of Will’s face, stroking beneath his eyes before leaning in to whisper:

“The heat will relax you, nice and open for me.” When Will cursed again, shivering, reaching out to draw his fingers over Hannibal’s stomach, he nuzzled the boy’s jaw. “Get in, Will.”

Will nodded, uncharacteristically obedient, not even a performative flutter of his lashes and a half-whispered ‘Make me’, as Hannibal expected him to do. He smiled, warmth in his chest that had nothing to do with the steaming water, at the sight of Will’s skinny body lowering slowly into the bath. Will let out a quiet, uncomfortable sound when he sank down to sit on his haunches, the water now at the level of his sternum.

Hannibal reached past him, and shut off the stream. He dragged his fingers through the surface of it, smiling as Will watched him, like a gazelle might watch the eyes of the crocodile ease closer. If Will expected Hannibal to simply dive right in and have his wicked way, he hadn’t been paying attention.

Hannibal was the patient one between them, and knew the value of savoring a good meal. They had all the time in the world.

He stepped into the tub, sighing as his muscles immediately grew lax, eager to soak in the benefits of complete submersion into soothing water. Will gazed up at him, wide-eyed - and oh, that was a delicious sight, too, and made Hannibal’s fingers curl with the temptation to get Will’s pretty mouth wrapped around his cock until it turned red as his cheeks.

He resisted. There would be time for that. Will had been so good, to be selfish now seemed like poor payment for his efforts to get Hannibal out.

He held his hand out for Will to take and when the boy did, he tugged him nearer, laying him chest to chest against himself in the bath. For a few moments, Will fidgeted, trying to get comfortable, trying to figure out if he should touch, reach out, initiate something. But eventually he stilled, warm and comfortable, and let himself press close to Hannibal. When Hannibal drew a wet hand through Will’s curls the boy hummed and closed his eyes.

“This is nice,” he admitted softly.

He sounded younger. Vulnerable. The comment itself was so innocent it stilled Hannibal’s breath a moment. Prurient as many of his thoughts of Will Graham had been, he had often thought, too, of simply resting against him, or enjoying their books together sprawled on the sofa. Spending time, when they never could before.

Often he’d wanted to take Will into his arms after the boy had so obediently sucked his cock or let Hannibal bring him to orgasm. He was so little, in truth, a year away, perhaps, from a growth spurt that would take him to his adult size; limbs still gangly and delicate, cheeks still soft with youth.

He turned his face to bury his nose in Will’s curls and breathed him in, chest rising slowly, pushing the boy’s back out of the water until he exhaled and submerged him again.

“Brave boy,” Hannibal said quietly. “Were you truly going to face your father to get me out of jail?”

“Yes,” Will told him firmly. “And anyone else.”

Remarkable thing. Already so devoted and eager. Will squirmed a little against Hannibal until he wrapped his other arm heavily over the base of Will’s spine and held him still.

Will’s lips pressed together, touched Hannibal’s cheek in a tender half-kiss. He sighed, and Hannibal turned to him, taking Will’s mouth in a tender kiss as the boy arched against him, getting comfortable, learning for the first time how their bodies could fit together completely, skin to skin and nothing between them. Not clothes, or time, or fear of getting caught.

His thumb traced over Will’s cheek, another kiss binding them that felt never-ending. But Will was a boy, a slave to youthful passion, and soon enough his hips began to twitch a little more insistently, his cock hardening as he put his hands on Hannibal’s chest and arched up to the press of his hand on Will’s tailbone.

“I don’t want to wait any longer,” he said, breathy and wanton, his eyes black in the low light of the room, skin shining and pink, hair fluffy from the humidity of the water. It eked and sloshed around them with Will’s movements, and Hannibal hummed, sliding his fingers down further to tease at Will’s tight, slick rim.

“You’ve been so patient, dear boy,” Hannibal murmured, kissing the dimple at the corner of Will’s smile. Will moaned, dropping his forehead to Hannibal’s damp shoulder as Hannibal teased a finger against his rim, pushed it inside, the water helping him - and, of course, Will was always so eager. He’d probably take Hannibal dry if Hannibal got him desperate enough.

“You’re worth the wait,” Will replied - a tiny admittance that he tried to bury against Hannibal’s neck. But Hannibal heard it, and the swell of affection robbed him for breath. In its wake came a fierce hunger, a more impatient and utterly ravenous thing that saw Will as something to consume and devour.

And he could. Finally, he could have Will in whatever way pleased him, his perfect boy eager for marks of his teeth and bruises laid by his hand. He could pepper Will’s thighs with suck-kisses, brand the nape of his neck with his teeth, line the rises of his ribs with marks from his nails.

He pushed in deeper, middle finger only, and relished how Will parted for him, a breathy gasp and shaky moan breaking the silence as Hannibal reacquainted himself with Will’s tight, burning-hot insides. It seemed like a lifetime since he’d last had Will like this, and the distance and separation offended him more than he could possibly describe.

Will was his. Will had always been his, and it was about damn time Hannibal acted like it.

He wound his fingers through damp curls and grasped him hard, tugging Will’s head up just enough to push their mouths together, to hum the heat of his desire against Will’s willing tongue. His finger moved in and out, a deliberate teasing as Will squirmed against him, set his hands to Hannibal’s chest, up to his neck, kissing back just as eagerly, just as hungrily.

Hannibal turned his hand, curled his finger up, and the beautiful boy in his arms whimpered and bore down on his hand as he rocked his aching little cock against Hannibal’s thigh.

“More,” he moaned, grinning before Hannibal dragged him in for another kiss, uncaring for how the water sloshed over the sides of the tub and to the floor as Will straddled him and grasped his face with both hands and teased his cock against Hannibal’s own.

“Greedy thing,”

“Yes.”

“Ravenous boy.”

“Yes, Hannibal, please -.”

Hannibal freed his hand and sat up, catching an arm around Will’s shoulders to steady him in his lap. The water around them roiled like the sea beyond the windows and for a moment Hannibal considered penetrating Will right there, making a mess of the bathroom as their bodies reunited, learned each other properly for the first time.

“I want you to fuck me like you promised,” Will gasped against him, clawing over Hannibal’s chest until Hannibal’s lip pulled back in a snarl and Will grinned back. “I want you to tear me apart.”

“Up,” Hannibal commanded, grasping the boy’s hips to shift him when he didn’t immediately move. He leaned in to lick up the length of Will’s cock, just once, as he stood before him before slapping a palm against Will’s dripping flank. “Towel off. On the bed.”

Will’s brow creased, an adorable little pout turning his lips down at the corners, that Hannibal was quick to make disappear as he slid two fingers between Will’s thighs, spreading them so Will’s cock rode his knuckles and over his palm. Will shivered, blinked at him owlishly, a soft gasp amidst dripping water.

“Be a good boy, Will,” Hannibal coaxed, teasing light brushes of fingers over the backs of Will’s thighs, behind his knees, up his hips. He sucked the head of Will’s cock into his mouth, making the boy whimper and twitch his hips in an overeager jerk.

Will, finally, gave into his coaxing and stepped out of the bath, reaching for a towel with shaking fingers and drying himself off with barely more finesse or care than a puppy ridding himself of water. Hannibal smiled, admiring the sheen of Will in the low light, his chest and belly flushed, his lower legs and the backs of his shoulders clinging to water he couldn’t quite reach.

Hannibal stood, drawing Will’s attention. He climbed out of the tub and pulled Will to him, taking the towel from Will’s hands and kneeling down behind him, so he could get Will’s feet, his calves, his knees. So he could drag one wrapped hand up between his thighs and rut, drying the slip of skin between Will’s legs. In, curling, slow-dragging between Will’s cheeks, and then flattening wide and cleaning the rest of his back with a fresh part of the towel.

Will turned to him, as Hannibal hung the towel up. “You’re not going to make me wait any longer, are you?” he asked, plaintive and just on the sweet side of taunting. Far more bark than his bite. “I swear, I’m not tired, and I want to -.”

“I know, darling,” Hannibal purred, hands in Will’s hair, lips at Will’s forehead. He guided Will back, uncaring for the water still clinging to his own skin, and when they were but a foot from the bed, he leaned down and grabbed Will’s skinny legs, lifting him onto the tall, wide bed, splaying him out like a feast, and all Hannibal’s for the taking.

He didn’t give Will time to adjust, didn’t tease him any longer - his mouth watered for a taste of Will and there was no time like the present. He took Will’s knees and lifted them, spreading them out, taking advantage of the flexibility of Will’s young, pliant body. He shoved Will’s knees to his chest, and then so wide they met the bed on either side of Will’s body, so Will was folded up and helpless to do anything but lie back and take whatever it was Hannibal offered.

The bed was too tall for Hannibal to simply penetrate him, to carve a space for himself in Will and use his boy the way he so desperately wanted, but bending low, and running his tongue across Will’s damp, pink, tight little hole? It was a perfect height for that.

“Aaah.” A shiver so deliberate Hannibal felt it move through Will’s entire body was enough encouragement for him to do it again, and again after, teasing and tickling the sensitive skin until Will was squirming breathlessly on the bed. He’d done this before, of course, bending Will over his desk as he languidly teased his eager little cock and pulled whines of pleasure from him. Such an intimate thing, putting the receiver of pleasure into a vulnerable position.

And this boy, this beautiful boy….

“Let me hear you,” Hannibal encouraged, kissing a deliberate, sucking kiss against the inside of Will’s thigh. “I want your voice to break for me.”

“Fuck!”

“If you’re good.”

Will laughed, helpless, and dropped an arm over his eyes as his chest continued to rise and fall quickly, Hannibal’s inescapable tongue tormenting him in the best possible way. The first time Hannibal had done this to him Will had lost his control embarrassingly quickly. The sensation was entirely other, entirely too much from the very beginning, and Will very happily lost himself to it.

There was no one here to barge in through the door, no one to look in through the windows. No one to hear even if he cried himself hoarse and that was as thrilling as it was freeing. He kept his lip between his teeth for a moment more, another, before allowing it to slip free and for his voice to follow.

First, a plaintive little whine, eager and impatient, pulling low from his diaphragm and peeling forth from spit-slick lips. As Hannibal pressed deeper, working his tongue deliberately in teasing lazy thrusts into his boy, Will’s voice pitched higher. Gasps and little cries of Hannibal’s name and nonsensical words, lower groans and moans that vibrated through his skin. Every new touch pulling a different tone from him, until Will was overwhelmed in the most blissful way.

He dropped a hand to grasp Hannibal's hair, his other just above to curl around his cock and tug. The sound of petulant displeasure was music to Hannibal's ears as he caught the boy's wrist and kissed his pulse.

"No."

"Hannibal -."

"Not yet."

Will whined, his toes curling, hips giving impotent little thrusts as he sought more of Hannibal's tongue. Hannibal obliged him, licking deep into him, piercing Will's eager little body, bringing him higher and higher. Truthfully, he knew it was unfair to demand Will hold out for him, and he had no intention of making him.

Control and denial would come later. Perhaps when Will was older, and Hannibal could indulge himself in learning just how close he could bring his boy to the edge of delirium before he broke.

"No touching," Hannibal reminded him, releasing Will's wrist. "I know you can come just like this, can't you, my beautiful boy?"

Will let out a helpless little whine, clenching his eyes tightly shut, his jaw bulging at the corner. But he nodded, because he was good, he was perfect. Hannibal was going to *ruin* him. He scraped his teeth along Will's rim, fucked his tongue in just to feel how Will trembled and cursed, breaths coming quicker, noises getting higher….

He felt Will tense, thighs twitching as he started to come. Folded as he was, Hannibal could lift his head just enough to see Will's cock spurt over his belly, so powerful that it coated his chest and painted the underside of his chin. Hannibal's mouth watered, and he leaned down to lick Will's sensitive cock as the boy emptied himself over his own body. He was decadent, sweet as sin, so weak-limbed and unresistant despite the pained little noises Hannibal drew out with every swipe of his tongue.

"Fuck," Will gasped, pawing at Hannibal's hair. "Inside me. Get inside me."

"Of course," Hannibal purred, a savage smile spreading his mouth wide, as he knew what he was about to do wasn't what Will meant. He brought Will's sticky thighs together, shoved his knees to his chest, and dripped saliva onto two of his fingers, slicking Will's perineum with them, and pushing them inside Will's burning hot, clenching hole.

" *Hannibal* ," Will whined, petulant and loud. Finally, he was breaking. Ready to be thrown to the Heavens and scream himself hoarse. Hannibal pushed in deep, slowly, twisted his hand and curled his fingers to brush over Will's swollen prostate. His boy was so aroused it was beginning to leak, and Hannibal smiled, spreading his fingers to trap his prostate between them, giving tiny little tugs that made Will writhe as much as he was able, so thoroughly pinned.

“Oh God, *fuck* , oh God-. *Damn it* , Hannibal,” Will whined, choking on the excess saliva in his own mouth. Hannibal hummed, and spit onto the base of his fingers, working more slick into his boy. He was determined to make Will come again, so that his sweet, tempting little siren couldn’t even wrap his legs around Hannibal once they were finally one.

He pet over Will’s prostate, dug his thumb along Will’s rim, stroking up so that Will got pressure inside and out. Slow, merciless, like the aching thrust of a cock trying to force its way inside. Will babbled helpless noises of pleasure, scrambling at the sheets, Hannibal’s hair, his wrists, his own neck.

His second orgasm came like a rockslide, terrible and grating and painful. A pitiful amount of come dribbled from his cock but his entire body bore down around Hannibal’s fingers, Will’s breaths closer to hyperventilation as he blinked up, blind, and Hannibal tore him through his orgasm.

Will’s breath hitched, his eyes shining with tears. “Please,” he whispered, plaintive and high and so beautifully young. “Please. I can’t take it anymore. *Please* .”

“Please what, sweet boy?” Hannibal asked him, easing Will’s legs down, pleased when he automatically spread them for Hannibal anyway. He caught Will’s hand, seeking fingers curling over his cheek as Will tried to pull him closer, uncoordinated and dizzy with pleasure.

“Please fuck me,” Will groaned, gasping when Hannibal didn’t move to kiss him like he’d wanted, but bent his head to graze his teeth over a peaked nipple instead. “God, everything is too much.”

That was the point, of course. Will himself would have never worked his body up to such sensitivity, such overwhelming emotional turmoil. He was too young to be particularly creative about it, and Hannibal wanted their first time, their first proper time, to be imprinted in Will’s mind as the single most extraordinary night of his young life.

They would work up to more, of course. But that took time, patience, training. He couldn’t expect Will to come untouched four, five times in a night when this was the first time he’d driven him so out of his head. But the thought was desperately pleasing.

Hannibal continued to torment Will, though he’d gentled his hand now. Feeling every convulsion, every squirm, every twitch of his boy was pushing Hannibal’s own desire hotter and hotter. He left his marks on Will’s flawless skin; bites over his protruding collarbones, bruises sucked ruthlessly into his throat, higher up against his jaw. Places Will wouldn’t be able to hide easily, dark enough that they wouldn’t fade for days and days.

And in that time Hannibal would give him more. Would have Will covered in lines and handprints and marks. He expected to wear his own, too, once his wild boy got his wits about him. He was certain Will wouldn’t wilt now that they had the chance to truly see each other. But for the moment, for the time, for the night, he would leave the first marks.

He caught a hand in Will’s hair and pulled, arching his neck, his back, until Will’s hips and the very top of his head were the only parts of him touching the sheets. When he kissed him, Will kissed back, sloppy and tired but eager, greedy for him.

“Will you stay like that for me?” Hannibal asked him. He would have his boy every way in the coming days and months and years together. But he was curious what Will imagined their first night together to be like.

Will pressed his lips together, blinking slow, a hair too long, and gave an exhausted sigh. “Yeah,” he breathed, petting over Hannibal’s shoulders. He spread his thighs out wide, every inch of him trembling.

Hannibal huffed a laugh, placed a gentle nip to Will’s bruised collarbone. “That doesn’t sound very convincing, darling,” he teased.

“I just…. I want you on top of me,” Will confessed, lashes low. “I never get that.”

Hannibal’s head tilted. The thought of covering and consuming his boy completely, eclipsing him in his bed, was a thoroughly tempting one. He smiled, and leaned down, capturing Will’s pink, bitten-tender mouth in a kiss. He lifted Will up on the bed, and climbed in behind him, coaxing Will to lift his hips just enough that Hannibal could put a pillow beneath them.

Will shivered, dripping wet and undoubtedly sore, and Hannibal leaned down to lick a streak of come from over his nipple, relishing the taste. Will’s fingers curled in his hair, weak and wanton, and it took no coaxing at all to get his legs splayed wide. His skinny chest heaved as he recovered his breath, able to sharpen his vision at the brief respite from Hannibal’s onslaught.

Despite the very real evidence and memories telling him otherwise, Hannibal could not help think him completely innocent, trusting and sweet. This felt, somehow, like their first time, and he was determined to make it the best time. Until the next time.

He gripped Will’s hips, spreading his hands out wide and warm, and closed his thighs around the pillow holding Will up. It was easy, easy as anything, to rut his cock against the pillow, up until he caught on Will’s open, slick hole, and push inside.

Will arched up immediately, a punched-out gasp driven from behind his ribs. He *whimpered,* a ragged sound that felt like pain but Hannibal knew was total rapture. His eyes clearly wanted to close, but refused to, and he stared up at Hannibal as Hannibal eased himself in, savoring every inch of fresh, weak muscle that spasmed in welcome around him.

He sighed, once he was fully sheathed, and helped Will wrap his trembling legs around his waist. He leaned down over him, pulling Will by the hair until he achieved that lovely arch again, only hips and head touching the bed, and laid another mark to Will’s sweaty, come-marked throat.

“Sweet boy,” he purred, and Will whined and clenched up around him, this trembling mess of static that made Hannibal want to bite him to the bone. “You feel like you were made just for me, darling.”

The sound Will let out, at that, was raw and wordless, and he clung to Hannibal as the watershed gave, warm tears spilling from beneath his eyelids, coating his lashes and sweetening the red flesh of his cheeks.

Hannibal kissed them away, wrapped a hand over Will's head, folded and corralled his boy beneath him just as Will asked for, and started to move.

He wasn't gentle, but he was hardly as cruel as his fingers had been. Beneath Hannibal, Will bit his ip and continued to cry silently, overwhelmed in the most blissful way by everything. He was exhausted, sensitive, sore… he was still too-warm from the bath, and Hannibal was right there, and pressing to him, skin to skin, bare, just like Will. and they were in bed, in *their* bed, and it was too much, it was just too much.

Will's legs slipped to the bed, too weak to cling to Hannibal as he normally would have, and he shoved his toes into the sheets, arching himself up to meet every thrust Hannibal gave him. When he finally managed more control of himself he blinked his eyes open and just *looked* .

Powerful, brutal, perfect man. Dangerous, Will's mind supplied helpfully, and he filed it alongside other descriptors he had for his doctor. Hannibal looked at Will like he had the first time Will had shoved his lips against Hannibal's, determined to overcome his own shyness and *go for it* . He looked at Will like he had in the abandoned building site, like he had on the couch in his office. He looked at Will like Will was worth looking at, like he was treasured, and wanted, and interesting.

Will didn't think he could summon up another orgasm, but that would have done it.

"Hannibal," he sighed, one hand curled in Hannibal's hair, over the back of his neck, the other moving down his back and spreading over his spine just to feel him move. "God, you feel so good."

Hannibal made a sound, a low purring thing that made Will shiver, that made him want to make him do it again.

"Harder," he asked, not quite his usual confident self yet, still too tired, still too emotional, but no longer the faun-like thing that had worried his toes against the back of his leg in the doorway. "Harder, we have so much space to move here."

"Can you take harder?" Hannibal challenged, as much a tease as a genuine question. He would, of course, take from Will whatever he wanted, but until they both learned his body's limits and the stretch of his imagination he could offer guidance, at the very least.

Will's smile grew fangs.

"Yes," he groaned, drawing up one knee and clenching hard around Hannibal as he thrust back into him, pushing Will's breath from his lungs. "I want it. I want you."

Hannibal snarled, upper lip twitching back to show his teeth in answer to Will's own charming, cat-like smile. He ran his hands up Will's heaving flanks, sweat and come making him absolutely slick and filthy. He wrapped his hands around the top of Will's shoulders, gripped hard enough to leave bruises.

He thrust in, a punishing pace that made Will arch, clenching up around him in another delicious spasm. Will planted his foot against Hannibal's chest, helping him stay upright and giving him something to brace against. Hannibal's thrusts shoved him off the pillow and, with a snarl, Hannibal grabbed it and threw it off the bed, lifting Will into his thrusts by a grip on his lower back, only his own strength. Will made him feel wild, relentless.

"Oh, *fuck* , yeah," Will moaned, biting his lower lip, head tilted back to show his pretty, bruise-marked throat. Hannibal covered it with his free hand, feeling his boy's rushing pulse, and Will's moan only grew louder in encouragement. " *Shit* , I want you to make me come again. I wanna."

Hannibal's smile grew wide and sharp.

He slowed his pace, dragged his nails down Will's chest, and wrapped his fingers around Will's half-hard cock. Stroked, just to hear how his boy whimpered, watched him writhe and gasp and claw at his own hair, tug his own nipples, throw his throat into Hannibal's tight grip on him.

"Mm, *fuck* ." Will's foot slipped off Hannibal's chest, toes curling by his ear, his legs shaking as he came again, body so weak and fucked-out he could only clench at his rim, where Hannibal was buried deep. Hannibal blew out a sated breath, releasing Will's neck and petting over his cheek, up through his sweat-sodden hair. The juddering clench of Will's release felt endless, little shocked spasms of pleasure ricocheting through his entire body, making him spill another wet load over Hannibal's fingers.

Hannibal smiled, and lifted his hand to lick them clean.

"You're not long for this world, darling," he purred.

Will hummed tiredly, giving Hannibal a sleepy, fucked-out smile. "Keep going," he demanded, voice hoarse and rough from his cries. "Don't stop. I'm -, *ah* , shit." He gasped as Hannibal pulled him close again, lifted Will from the bed and settled him hard on his lap so he could embrace Will and kiss his lax, warm neck. "I want you to keep going. Even if I fall asleep."

A tremor ran down Hannibal's spine, beneath Will's hands. He felt Will smiling against his neck. Temptation, pure and sweet. Terrible boy.

But who was Hannibal to deny himself such an eagerly-offered gift?

He lowered Will again, easing him off his cock, and silenced Will's petulant whine with another kiss, before he coaxed Will onto his stomach. He covered Will, every inch of him meeting every line of Will, and slid back inside him to the sound of Will's sleepy, eager moan.

Will couldn't tell which way was up.

Having sex with Hannibal had always driven him entirely insane, he'd return to his room and bite his lip reliving every moment. The gentlest touch, the roughest shove into his body, the

way Hannibal had felt, hard and hot and thick inside him, so deep that Will could squeeze his thighs and the ghost of him was still there aching through him.

Those had been nothing, *nothing* , to how he felt now.

He had never felt so entirely, truly, thoroughly exhausted. He'd never come so many times in one day before, let alone in the space of less than an hour, and Hannibal was still rocking into him, filling Will up over and over. God, he never wanted it to end. He could die like this and it would be the best way to go.

He curled his hand against the sheets and whimpered when Hannibal set his own atop, threading their fingers together and holding Will down as he fucked into him, finally, properly claiming his boy.

"Spread wider for me," he whispered, and Will shivered as he obeyed, as the world swayed around him, as Hannibal nuzzled beneath Will's chin and coaxed him to turn his head and arch his back just a little more. "You feel exquisite," Hannibal praised him, nosing against Will's curls as he kept his thrusts deliberate and deep, rather than the passionate, desperate rutting of before. He could take his time. He would.

"Wanna be so sore," Will mumbled, grinning when Hannibal's laugh came as a puff of air against his cheek.

"Oh, my boy, I'll have you aching." He promised.

Will's smile was lax and dream-like, a precious creature not of this world that Hannibal had caught and mercilessly claimed. Not to imply that Will had not been relentless in his own right, pushing past taboo and shyness and resistance to get what he wanted. In that respect, they were both perfectly suited to each other; two beasts who knew equals, who knew kin, when they saw it.

Hannibal sighed, closing his eyes, folding their entwined fingers beneath Will's skinny chest as he let momentum carry him to the plateau, felt Will tremble and, after a time, grow so lax with exhaustion Hannibal would not think it impossible that he was asleep. If not completely so, then certainly close enough to give that haze to half-formed dreams, the parts of the downslide of consciousness where everything was felt, but impossible to react to.

Hannibal wrapped his free hand in the slick curls at the top of Will's head, brought him down and framed him with his thighs and knees, making sure Will stayed perfectly arched and still even when every inch of him seemed more likely to sag and puddle beneath Hannibal, than rise to meet him.

That was alright. They had all the time in the world, now.

Will's sounds had gone from barbed, tempting little things to the sweet half-moans of surrender, puffed out from sheer force as Hannibal made himself at home inside his body, found muscles and flesh eagerly parted and welcoming him in. He kissed Will's flushed neck, mouthed and licked over his pulse as Will's skin pebbled in goose bumps and his fingers twitched tiredly within Hannibal's.

Hannibal could have kept him forever like that; sweet, pinned, helpless. Not even enough wherewithal to throw his sharp, cutting little remarks designed to get Hannibal to react. Hannibal smiled, cupping Will's chin, licking a kiss from his lax mouth. There was only so long a man could deny himself, and Will should, in all honesty, be allowed his rest.

Will whined, soft and low, as Hannibal swept his hands down the boy's slim shoulders, skinny flanks, the sharp cut of his hips. He pushed Will down and wide, almost totally flat to his belly, tendons in his thighs brought to harsh relief.

"Hush, darling," Hannibal purred to his hair. "I'm going to finish inside you, now."

Will hummed, and managed to force his lashes to part, just a sliver, so their eyes could meet. Hannibal smiled, and prowled over him, holding him still by the chin and hips, pushed flush and tight to Will's fever-warm flesh, lax in surrender and so sweet with trust.

And Will managed a single, hoarse, desperate ' *Please* '. Hannibal's eyes closed, he kissed his boy and swallowed his air, and obeyed Will's unbearably sweet cry, crushing him to the bed as he sank as deep as possible and filled his boy to bursting.

A whimper, a sigh, and the boy finally succumbed to exhaustion beneath him; breathing even and slow, deliberate little things as though a huff of petulance was all Will could offer as an excuse for his body's inability to stay awake.

Remarkable thing.

Hannibal slipped free of him, kissing reverently down his spine, shifting Will's sleep-heavy limbs to arrange him into a more comfortable position for sleep. He tugged the blankets out from under Will before covering him in them, and then returned to the bathroom to clean up the mess they'd left behind.

Will hadn't moved at all when Hannibal returned to him, and didn't respond as Hannibal moved him like a doll, cleaning up between his legs with a warm wet cloth. He only made a soft sound when Hannibal climbed into bed beside him, and wriggled back against the man's chest as he spooned up behind the boy and wrapped an arm possessively around his middle.

Chapter 2

They slept through dawn.

They slept into late morning, when the sun was crawling eager fingers across the bedroom floor and irritating Will's eyelids. With a groan he tucked his face beneath the blankets and burrowed deeper into them, pushing his ass back against Hannibal as he did. He hadn't woken, not really, but the aches in his muscles pulled fussy sounds from him as he tried to arrange himself in a way that would ease the tug and pull the most.

In the end, Will had draped himself half over Hannibal in his quest for comfort, a little hand curling in the hair on his chest and a foot between Hannibal's thighs, his knee poking gently against the man's stomach. His curls had tumbled in a glorious mess over his face, and his cheeks were warm with a sleepy blush just beneath his eyes. He looked agonizingly young this way, and Hannibal had to swallow down the sharp spark of his desire for a moment.

He didn't plan on a rude awakening for his boy.

Instead, he let a wide palm settle on his back and drew it up and down the boy's spine in time with his breathing, adding just enough pressure to pull Will's body from sleep. When Will grunted softly, turned his face against Hannibal's chest, the unfamiliar texture against his cheek pulled his eyelids open, just enough to peek through. For a moment he was still, groggy mind catching up with the previous night's events, and then he slipped his bent leg down Hannibal's body and stretched with a blissful groan.

Hannibal slid his fingers through Will's hair, parsing through the messy curls, until the boy looked up at him again, much more awake. He smiled.

"Good morning, Will."

"Hi," the boy offered softly, and then his lips pulled up in a smile, a grin, and he pushed himself up to kiss Hannibal on the corner of his mouth.

Hannibal allowed him to linger a moment longer, until the loud rumble of Will's stomach broke the silence. The boy pulled back, laughing sheepish and soft, his cheeks darkening several additional shades as he buried his face in Hannibal's chest.

Hannibal smiled. "When did you last eat?" he asked, sure that it had likely not been since lunch at least, the day before. Because dinner had been when Hannibal was meant to arrive, dinner was when he was taken, and they had scarcely had time to hunger for anything but each other since then.

"I guess yesterday," Will confessed. "Early."

Hannibal nodded, and planted a kiss to Will's wild hair, gently easing him to his side and kissing him to calm the little displeased whine Will let out at being jostled. The boy

absolutely *stank* of him, and Hannibal allowed himself another indulgence, pushing his nose into Will's hair and taking in a ragged breath.

"I'll make us something to eat," he said.

Will pouted, but his empty stomach must have won the argument with his empty hands, because he let Hannibal rise without trying to physically force him to stay. Still, his eyes lingered heavily on Hannibal as Hannibal retrieved a pair of soft lounge pants from his go bag, shrugging them on. A t-shirt, as well, soft with age.

Will huffed a laugh, from the bed. "I didn't think you even owned a t-shirt," he said, impish and spread out in a tempting display that made Hannibal, for a moment, wonder if he could simply nourish himself between Will's thighs for the rest of his life.

He smiled. "There are a great deal of things we have the opportunity to learn about each other," he replied. "One of which is a sense of taste. How do you like your eggs?"

Will's brow arched, and he huffed another laugh. "I don't care. Can't remember the last time I had something that didn't come out of a box."

Hannibal hummed, lips turning down in displeasure. Like Will's sexual proclivities, it seemed he had quite an open land ahead of him, where he could learn what Will liked, what flavors suited his sweet mouth best, what offer would make his eyes brighten in anticipation and make his mouth water.

"Nothing too adventurous, then," he promised with another smile. "I'll call you when it's ready."

Will said nothing, as Hannibal left the room and went to the kitchen. The pantry was stocked with non-perishables, and Hannibal had been up here not even a week past, because if there was one thing he was good at, it was planning ahead.

Planning ahead extended to Will. Before the pan had even gained enough heat to begin frying his eggs, he heard the boy's soft footsteps coming down the stairs, a little uneven, favoring his left foot.

He turned, caught Will in the corner of his eye. "Would you like to help?"

"Dunno if I'd be any good at it," Will admitted quietly, stepping nearer, and this time when Hannibal saw him he didn't immediately turn back to the pan. He couldn't. Will stood before him, eyes still half-squinted in sleepiness, a hand up in his hair that stood up every which way around his face. He'd put on Hannibal's shirt from the night before, and it hung enormous on him, down to just above his knees, the shoulders against Will's upper arms. He'd done up only a few buttons, as though that would offer any sort of preservation of modesty instead of making Will appear that much more debauched. He'd also tugged on a pair of woolen socks he must have taken from his bag, and they sat bunched about his ankles.

"Hannibal?"

He blinked, eyes up to Will's face once more, rather than meditating on where his shirt split into tails between his legs, not quite showing his half-hard little cock. Will's expression was devious, a half-smile that showed just a tease of teeth.

"You're gonna burn the eggs," Will added, tucking one foot behind the other and setting a hand to his hip. Hannibal raised a brow. Will's smile warmed and he ducked his head. "If I'm *distracting* , I can go away"

"No," Hannibal replied, adjusting the pan and its contents and turning down the heat. No danger of a burnt breakfast and wasted food, but he wasn't going to let Will step away when he looked like that. It was, he was certain, a very deliberate move on the boy's part - though he hardly needed to make the effort anymore to seduce Hannibal or keep his interest. Will had always known how to present himself to appear exactly as he wanted to be seen.

Innocent. Endearing. Curious. Little.

Fierce.

Hannibal gestured for Will to come nearer and welcomed him into the circle of his arms before guiding him to stand at the stove instead. He passed Will the spatula, folding his fingers over Will's own. His other hand he set to the boy's hips, his own shirt the only thing between his palm and the boy's soft skin.

"Don't jostle it," Hannibal murmured, stepping up too close and guiding Will too deliberately. Both knew he needn't have that much help - he was frying eggs, not performing brain surgery - and both knew that that didn't matter. "A gentle shift, once in a while, to make sure the edges are crisp and the rest is evenly fried."

Will hummed, pushing up on his toes. The movement brought Hannibal's fingertips down to Will's bare thigh, and his covered cock rubbing up against Will's tailbone, just scrunching the fabric of his shirt up as he moved it.

Will shivered, looking up at him, nuzzling sweetly at the underside of Hannibal's jaw. Hannibal smiled, nudging his nose to Will's temple, one hand releasing Will's hand on the pan handle, trusting him to keep it steady, and flattening it over the flat expanse of his belly. Will only buttoned three buttons, very low, and Hannibal's thumb could slip between the halves and graze his sternum.

Will's muscles tensed. He lifted to his toes and settled in a slow grind like he might be able to get Hannibal to mount him right through their clothes. Irresistible, tempting, greedy, insatiable thing. Hannibal wanted to eat him alive.

"When the whites bubble," he murmurs, low enough to make Will shiver, "you can stop, or flip it, to cook the yolk on both sides." Will nodded, slowly. "It comes down to preference, how runny you want them."

Will bit his lower lip. "I don't know," he confessed.

Hannibal smiled, and reached above Will's head to retrieve a plain, crimson-colored plate. He set it down and lifted the pan, sliding the two eggs onto it. "We can experiment," he said, turning off the heat completely, and gestured to the toaster sitting in the corner of the counter by the fridge. "Would you like some toast, as well?"

"Yeah," Will murmured, gravitating towards Hannibal and pressing up against his flank. Hannibal smiled, breakfast forgotten, for a moment, as Will's sweet scent filled his lungs and Will's heat eased the soreness in his muscles, brought about by the long night and extremely satisfying activities that bookmarked it.

Amidst Will's saccharine, honey-sweet scent was Hannibal's own, enmeshed and worked in like oil to leather. He could feel the heat of Will's abused muscles when he cupped the boy's tailbone. He could smell his own come, leaking out of Will, staining the shirt he wore. Clinging to him, damp and salty.

Unbidden, a growl rumbled in his chest. Will felt it, hand pressed gently to Hannibal's heart, and he looked up with a mischievous grin.

"Toast, Hannibal," he said, like he didn't know exactly what he was doing.

Hannibal breathed out. "You should be more careful, darling," he murmured, though he was smiling. "I've half a mind to throw you over my shoulder and carry you back up to bed."

Will gasped, pupils growing wide in his lovely eyes. He swallowed, and lowered himself from his toes, a shiver running through him that Hannibal felt all against his own body. Will's own desire was obvious, from his black eyes to his blushing cheeks to the shy peek of his hardening cock through the halves of Hannibal's shirt.

"Maybe..." he began, trailing his fingers along Hannibal's collarbone, "I'd be okay with that." He grinned.

Hannibal's eyes narrowed, enough that Will shrank back, his smile growing wider. He was poised, now, to skitter away, to run and have Hannibal chase him down. If that boy moved, if he moved even an inch from him -.

"You'll need your strength," Hannibal observed, and Will's breath escaped him as a shaky little laugh. He couldn't argue that; he may have been on the cusp of teenhood but he wasn't inexhaustible. He had a lot to learn, his own limits included. As Will opened his mouth to argue, his stomach answered for him, a forlorn rumble of displeasure that had Will laughing again and pressing up to Hannibal in an almost innocent embrace.

"Yeah," he agreed. "Yeah, I guess."

Hannibal pressed a kiss to his hair and gentled him away to get the plate, promising that he would bring the toast when it was ready. He watched as Will took his food to the table, returned to the kitchen to seek cutlery and a glass that he filled with water and stole away with him too. He had finished one egg and was just cutting into the second when Hannibal brought the toast. Will eagerly dipped it into the runny yolk, eyes up in gratitude.

“Eat,” was all Hannibal said, stroking Will’s hair, cupping his cheek, and leaving him be to start on coffee instead. He made himself an egg as well, eating at the counter while Will continued to devour his breakfast at the table. When Hannibal looked over, Will was exactly as a child his age should be; bright-eyed, fidgeting with unspent energy, mopping up egg yolk with the last of his toast as he emptied the waterglass and set his cutlery carefully to his plate.

He was beautiful.

“Better?” Hannibal asked, and Will glanced over with a smile, for a moment forgoing the bedroom eyes to be entirely, genuinely pleased.

“Much, thank you. Can I have coffee too?”

“If you wish.”

Will smiled, scrambling to his feet and rushing to the kitchen to pour himself a cup of coffee. Being the son of Sheriff Graham, Hannibal supposed he shouldn’t have been surprised that Will knew his way around a coffee maker better than an oven. Will was sorely missing a homemaker’s touch.

Will returned with his cup of coffee, enough milk and sugar in it to thoroughly pollute the taste, but it made Hannibal smile to see Will move with such easy confidence - not performative, making himself appear older in order to seduce, not brash and peacocking. Rather, it was the kind of self-assuredness that came with practice and patience. There may be, years into their future, scenes just like this one; Will fetching coffee and both of them bathed in sunlight at a breakfast table, commenting on the news or the weather or whatever else, an easy domestic bliss.

It made Hannibal feel warm to think about.

Will sipped, feet curled up so his heels rested on the edge of his chair, Hannibal’s shirt tucked in little folds that barely covered his modesty. He gazed at Hannibal beneath thick lashes, eyes bright. “So,” he said, careful, quiet. “What happens now?”

Hannibal’s head tilted, his brows rose.

“We can’t exactly go back,” Will continued, blushing under Hannibal’s scrutiny. “I’m sure you have a plan. Or you’re going to pretend you do. So…”

“I wasn’t in any particular rush,” Hannibal replied. “Your father is a dedicated bloodhound, but even hounds need a scent. There is none for him to find.”

Will pressed his lips together. “He can track our phones.”

“I turned them off before we left.”

Will’s brow creased. “This place isn’t in your name?”

“Not a name he could find, no,” Hannibal replied, smiling. This was surprisingly entertaining; Will was smart, his eyes sharp, and he knew more than most boys his age how

to get away or not get away with things. A verbal parlay was an unexpected pleasure as they traded Will's anxieties and Hannibal's assurances.

Will smiled, laughing sweetly, and set his mug of coffee down, his fingers pink and exhale clinging to the overly-sweet drink. "You've really thought of everything, haven't you?" he asked, standing and pushing his chair back. Hannibal tilted his head, watched him prowl around the corner of the table. Will's fingers trailed along the table edge, teeth sinking into his lower lip, weight coming to rest on one leg and sending his hip at an inviting angle.

"Perhaps not everything," Hannibal replied. Will's eyes flashed. "I haven't yet decided if I'm going to take you right here over the table, or chase you into the study." His eyes raked Will up and down. Enough of him had leaked out of Will to bring a shine to his thighs, stains on his shirt.

Will shivered, curling his fingers, taking a step back. Teasing, beautiful boy. A perfect lure.

"I might have an opinion on that," Will said breathlessly, as Hannibal rose from his seat.

Will stilled, a rabbit caught in the crosshairs, both of them tensed, poised to bolt, but neither moving first to set the other off. Will made a sound, a hitch in his breath, a laugh caught on the edge of spilling, and Hannibal moved.

"Shit!" His socks slipped on the polished wood but Will caught himself against the table with enough leverage to push himself off. He narrowly avoided the hand that grabbed him and took off, feet pounding on the ground, hands out for balance when he turned too quickly or skidded. His laughter would have been enough to follow him by, had it been dark, had Hannibal not had Will's scent in his nose, had Hannibal been able to do anything but run after, pulled like a dog on a leash.

Will got to the stairs first and launched himself up them, enough distance between them that at the top he yanked his loose socks off and fled barefoot further into the second floor. He didn't know the layout of the house, knew that were he actually running for his life he would never have gone upstairs and trapped himself there. But in this game, the goal was to get caught after the longest time evading his hunter.

Will threw his weight against the nearest half-open door but didn't enter, choosing to sequester himself behind the next, both doors gently swinging back to their initial positions, having bounced hard off the wall. He shoved a fist into his mouth and held his breath, listening for the slightest shift in the air, the barest hint of a footfall on the floor.

Hannibal had allowed the boy his bid for freedom - the chase, after all, was what had his blood howling in his ears, knowing that he would, in the end, catch the boy and devour him. He stood at the top of the stairs and regarded the corridor Will had turned into, noting the two open doors, their whisper against the carpet as they came to stillness.

Clever boy.

Hannibal stayed unmoving for a moment longer, and then allowed himself to stride past the doors Will had used as both diversion and hiding place. He could smell the boy, the heat of

him, the stench of Hannibal's claim on him. He could hear the shudder of the boy's heart where he pressed too close to the wood and let the sound thump against it. Silly rabbit. He stilled just past the door Will had hidden behind and hummed a single note of amusement.

Behind him, the sound of damp skin quietly peeling from where it had stuck to the wallpaper. A hush of feet against carpet. Will's scent grew stronger, Hannibal's entire body shivered with it, with the restraint he forced himself to maintain to allow the little thing to sneak past him. So he could chase him once more, and pin him and claim him properly.

Will was so close his breath would have stirred Hannibal's shirt against his back, so he didn't breathe. His smile was blinding, his eyes wide with adrenaline and arousal, his entire body on fire with the need to move, move, *move* -.

A floorboard creaked.

Hannibal stiffened. Will's breath caught, and then Hannibal was turning and lunging for him, and Will tried to bolt, to flee again, but there was nowhere to go. No possibility of escape. Hannibal fell heavy against him, throwing Will to the floor with a hand in his hair and the other pinning one arm tight to the small of his back.

Hannibal bore down on him, relishing how Will squirmed and whined beneath him, every inch of him so small and weak, made to be claimed, made to be pinned and covered and flooded. Hannibal leaned down, bit at the bruise-mottled flesh covering Will's rushing pulse, bunched Hannibal's wrinkled and wet shirt up to bare his thighs, his ass, his rim, a deep red and shining with Hannibal's come.

"You can't run from me, sweet boy," he snarled, yanking Will's head up so he could turn him and kiss him, Will panting and bracing his free hand against the carpet. He would burn, he would chafe. Might even bleed. Hannibal's thoughts went red, imagining Will whining and flinching as Hannibal soaked and bound his knees, tended to the rug burn on his cheek and his chest.

Will's heart raced rabbit-fast, the boy panting and lax beneath him despite how rough Hannibal was being. He wasn't scared, he wanted it; his desire was written into every line of trembling muscle. Hannibal wrenched his arm up another inch and reared upward, releasing Will's head and spitting on his fingers.

"Let's see how wet you still are," he purred, and Will moaned, loudly, tossing his head and bracing himself against the carpet as Hannibal pushed two of his fingers straight into Will. The boy was burning hot and clamped around him immediately, what little remained of Hannibal's come that hadn't leaked out of him slicking the way. It would hurt for Will to take his cock like this, but he wondered if Will would truly protest, if he tried. His Will was always so curious, so eager to challenge and please.

Will moaned as Hannibal rubbed gentle and slow over his prostate, muscles in his back flexing and his knuckles turning white as his fingers clenched. He let out a broken little mewl, arching up in a severe curve, knees spreading.

"Please," he whispered.

Hannibal's smile was wide, and not necessarily kind.

"If you wanted it so badly, why did you run?" he teased, continuing to pet over Will's prostate, admiring the tension in his boy, the way sweat was, once again, darkening his hair and making it curl and flatten to his head. "Did you want to see if I would chase you?" Of course he would; Will knew that. "Did you want to see if you *could* outrun me?"

Will whined, and shook his head.

Hannibal smiled, and had mercy on him, releasing Will's sore arm and rubbing at his shoulder, before he leaned over Will, took him by the chin, and forced the boy to meet his eyes.

"You should know you can't hide from me, darling," he murmured, and pressed a kiss to the red arch of Will's ear, nuzzled his hair, breathed in deeply and punctuated the words with a thrust of his fingers into Will's tight, feverish body.

"Hannibal," Will breathed, pawing at his hand as it fell to wrap around Will's throat. He gasped, rutting against Hannibal's fingers, moaned and brought a hand to his cock as Hannibal continued to touch him. "Don't tease me."

Hannibal's brows rose. He pulled his fingers out and tutted, holding his fingers, a light sheen on them, in front of Will's face. "Look at that," he said with mock scorn. "So little left. Whatever's to be done about that?"

Will moaned, cheeks red, eyes wild and bright as he turned to meet Hannibal's gaze. Bared his teeth and hissed; "Give me more."

Too dry, far too eager for his own good. Terrible boy.

Hannibal's smile was not quite kind, but it was certainly wide enough. He tightened his hand on Will's neck and shoved him down to the floor, pushed him wide around his own thighs and worked his lounge pants down to free his cock.

"As you wish."

A little more saliva was all Will was given, rubbed onto Hannibal's leaking cockhead, before he was mounting his boy again, driving into him with powerful, punishing thrusts, as Will screamed into his own fist.

It hurt, it *hurt* , and Will reached out to claw at the carpet with his free hand, digging his fingers in as though he could possibly crawl out from beneath Hannibal. As though he could possibly *want* to.

"Hurts," he managed, the word a squeak as he tried to draw breath and Hannibal squeezed harder around his throat. Will's shudder moved his entire body with the power of it. His cock was erect and leaking between his legs, Hannibal's shirt trailing on the carpet as Hannibal shoved into Will over and over, deep and harsh and claiming. A spark of fear, just enough, ignited in the pit of Will's stomach, and he let himself fan the flame a little.

“I knew you’d chase me,” he sighed, the breath pushed out of him with such force he coughed, trying to breathe in again. He’d never been fucked so hard, never been held down so painfully. He couldn’t get enough of it, he was drowning in the sensations of it. “Knew you’d catch me.”

Hannibal’s hand drew back and struck Will *hard* on the thigh, pulling a mewling little whimper from the boy as he tried to shift his leg away from the pain. Hannibal dug his fingers in and spread him wider.

“Then why?” Hannibal’s words were felt more than heard, so deep and low in his stomach as to be predatory. Thunder on the horizon, a wolf’s warning growl in the depths of impenetrable woods. Will gritted his teeth and stared up at him through narrowed eyes.

“To remind you that I *can* ,” he hissed, a feral sound pulling from him when Hannibal gripped his hair hard and yanked him up. He caught Will around the middle so he wouldn’t fall, impaling him on his cock and forcing the boy still as Hannibal scented him, drew his nose through the tiny curls at the back of Will’s neck.

Will’s hands scrabbled against Hannibal’s arm, but when Hannibal growled in warning he found the boy wanted nothing more than to find a place to cling to him, to shove his blunt nails into his skin.

They sat, Hannibal back on his heels, Will spread wide in his lap and bent almost backwards against him. Hannibal had him by the hair and stomach, chin resting on Will’s trembling shoulder to look at how bright and slick Will’s cock was, proudly jutting between his legs. He wanted this. He ached for it as much as Hannibal did. He hadn’t run as a victim, hadn’t run as prey, he’d run as a creature seeking to be equal, to be worthy of being hunted down and mounted.

When Hannibal turned his face against Will’s cheek the boy gasped. He worked an arm free from beneath Hannibal’s hold and gripped Hannibal’s hair as tightly as his own was held, tilting his chin up in pride, in submission.

“Fuck me,” he whispered. “Make a mess of me, Hannibal, make me yours properly.”

Hannibal closed his eyes, bared his teeth. Beautiful boy. Awful, lovely, clever, irresistible -.

Hannibal parted his jaws, and bit.

Will seized up around him, a weak, pitiful little whine wrenched from deep in his belly. Hannibal felt the tension and release of it beneath his hand. Bruises would come and go, blush and darken, but this - this would scar. Hannibal felt it, as he bit past bruising, past welting, felt a tiny tear at his lower incisors, a rip beneath his canines.

“Oh, *fuck* ,” Will gasped, thighs pulling in, free hand scrabbling and trying to find a place to keep himself upright, but Hannibal had no intention of letting him go, now. He gripped Will and sat back further, on his heels, brought his boy down hard on his cock until all of him was sheathed in Will’s warm body.

He slid his hand down, fingers parted, and folded them around Will's cock. He stroked, kneading his jaws as he did, Will's frantic whines and twitches doing the rest as Hannibal held him upright. Will's entire body clenched around his cock, his gasps high and ragged as he panted towards the ceiling. His fingers curled and released in Hannibal's hair in answering spasm - tightened when Hannibal brushed over his cockhead, released when he stroked up Will's cock and cupped his balls, rubbed over his sticky thighs, pressed hard on his perineum so that Will felt pressure on his prostate inside and out.

"Hannibal, fuck, *fuck* , please…." Hannibal growled, releasing Will's neck with a loud, wet sound, licked to the corner of his jaw and swallowed the thin veneer of blood on his tongue.

"Is this what you wanted, my dear boy?" he said hoarsely. "You've made a beast of me."

Will whimpered, bit his lower lip and nodded, helplessly. He pressed a hand over Hannibal's on his cock, adding pressure at the head while Hannibal teased the base with a tight grip. Hannibal smiled, nuzzling the smarting wound on Will's neck, that beaded with tiny droplets of blood around where Hannibal's teeth had penetrated, and gave off a fever-sweet warmth. He would have to tend to it, later, but right now the sight of it merely incensed him.

"Do it again," Will whispered, licking his lips with a dry tongue as Hannibal tightened his grip and Will whined. "Please, please do it again."

"Bite you?"

"Yes."

"Mark you up?" Hannibal hummed, drawing his tongue over the blood as Will cursed and nodded again. "These marks will scar, Will."

"I know."

"They won't go away."

"I *know*… ."

"If I claim you, you beautiful thing, you won't ever leave me again," Hannibal warned him, caught as much in the mindset as he was speaking in earnest. He hadn't planned on releasing the boy, but now, with him like this, with his coaxing and teasing and demands that went straight to Hannibal's cock and engorged his ego….

"Claim me," Will whimpered. "Claim me, please, I don't want to go,"

Hannibal released his vice grip on Will's cock and the boy cried out, high and desperate, as he came thick and hot against his own hand, his thighs, his chest, clenching so hard around Hannibal he groaned and pressed his teeth to Will's skin harder.

"Oh God," Will squirmed, letting go of Hannibal's hair to drop his hand and seek for Hannibal's to cling to. "Hurts, hurts -. Hannibal, *fuck* -."

It was madness. A fever dream of arousal and youthful desire and naïve daydreams of danger and adventure. It was insanity and Will knew that, he knew, but he hadn't ever felt *sane* , he hadn't ever felt like a normal boy and he hated pretending. He hated pretending that his home life was okay, that his school life was fine, that he didn't hate every single moment of his mundane existence unless Hannibal was there.

He dug his nails into Hannibal's skin and grit his teeth and arched up, starting to ride back against Hannibal's cock even as the man held him down, tried to hold him still. He wanted this. He *wanted* it.

Hannibal growled, and gripped Will's chin with his come-slick hand, holding Will tight and fast as he mounted his boy, and his teeth found their mark once again - a little higher, where Will's pulse rushed heaviest and his throat trembled around his heaving breaths. He bit, and bit again, leaving a series of welts down Will's tender neck.

"You're mine, sweet boy," Hannibal murmured. Will nodded, frantic, helpless, little pleas punched from him as Hannibal fucked in and in and *in* -.

Hannibal threw him down to the floor, covered him with another snarl, and pressed himself deep into Will, scraping nails down his chest and flanks that caused Will to tighten, milking his cock as Hannibal flooded his boy once again. His teeth found Will's nape, hidden behind wet curls and slick with sweat, and he bit a final time; an animal that had finally caught its mate and had no intention of letting them go.

Will collapsed beneath him, only his hips raised to keep Hannibal inside as Hannibal rutted against his warm flesh. He pressed a hand to Will's belly to feel how full and warm he was, how full Hannibal made him. He was dripping around Hannibal's cock, so much come in him it leaked, but that was alright - Hannibal was more than capable of replacing every drop Will lost.

He pulled his teeth back, admiring the smattering of marks, beading with blood, the first one scabbing already. He nuzzled Will's hair and wrapped his arms around Will, sighing with satisfaction as Will trembled beneath him.

"Hannibal," he sighed, lax and sated and sweet with youthful joy. Hannibal nudged his head to one side so he could kiss Will's red cheek.

"Perhaps now you'll be more inclined to take a proper bath," he teased, causing Will to laugh - hysterically, high-pitched. Will stretched his arms out above him, his elbows red from friction on the carpet, and he gave a hum of concession.

"A bath works," he murmured. Hannibal could not help kissing Will once more, easing himself free of Will's swollen, tender rim. He swallowed his boy's little whimper, corrected his clothes and pulled his shirt back down so that Will would be kept reasonably warm during the short journey to the bathroom.

He helped Will to his feet, laughing when Will lifted his arms in a childish askance. He was more than happy to scoop his boy into his arms, holding him close, and carried him towards the bedroom.

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